

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER



James Robert Smith
Mike Hoffman

Ron Wolfe
Dan Spigle

Mark Nelson

Sholly Fisch
Colleen Doran



foreword
D. G. Chichester

Firetrap
James Robert Smith
writer
Mike Hoffman
artist/letterer

Glitter and Go
Ron Wolfe
writer
Dan Spiegle
artist
Carrie Spiegle
letterer

Mazes of the Mind
Mark Nelson
writer/artist
Willie Schubert
letterer

Dear Diary
Sholly Fisch
writer
Colleen Doran
artist
Jade Moede
letterer

afterword
Marc McLaurin

front and end piece illustrations by
Nicholas Jainschigg

interior illustrations by
John Van Fleet

Bill Koeb

cover art by

Ted McKeever



FOREWORD

In that dank attic that passes for our minds, there accumulates dementia, some of which may still be considered felonies in the 48 continental United States. And, as with all attics, ours can use the occasional cleaning, clearing out normalized abnormalities to make room for new taboos. In other words, gentle reader, it's odds and ends this intro out—and, considering the nature of this book, more odd than anything.

First, an apology to Peter Atkins, author of our third issue's "Songs of Metal and Flesh": it seems Mr. Atkins' name was mildly mangled to "Akims." Given the fact that Pete is currently scripting *Hellraiser III*, it seems best to make amends before we end up victims of silver screen Cenobites. Everything okay now, Pete? Everything square between us? "Sure, Dan . . . square," says Pete. "Like a puzzle box. Did I tell you about the scene I just wrote about the editor and . . ."

Oh, well. Such is life . . . or maybe not.

Speaking of editors (like that segue?), a question I'm sometimes asked (or maybe I'm not . . . you'll never really know for sure now, will you? Ah, the sweet thrill of sowing the seeds of mild paranoia . . .) is, "Exactly what do you do on that *Hellraiser* book?"—aside from rambling for 500 odd words each issue, that is. Well, "Consulting Editor" is basically a nice way of saying, "Hanger-On-Who-Sticks-His-Two-Cents-In-Where-They're-Not-Always-Wanted" or, "The-Human-Equivalent-Of-A-Room-Full-Of-Monkeys-And-Type-writers." While Marc does the *real* work on this tome—refining stories, dealing with art and creators, seeing things through to the final printed issue—I spout conceptual b.s. on the inner workings of the nether-regions; you know, stuff like "Cenobite Motivation." It's not what you call a living, but I like to think that next to Hell itself, I'm the next best thing to being there.

But enough about my view of down below . . . more important we should look to the talent assembled this issue, eager to share their visions of our favorite hot place with each of you. Mark Nelson, he of Dark Horse Aliens fame (not to mention an upcoming tale of the Nightbreed for Epic), explores Hell's innermost workings with "Mazes of the Mind": keep the aspirin nearby for this one, kids, 'cause Mark's given new meaning to the word "headache." *Hellraiser* alumni Sholly Fisch unlocks the disturbing tale and deadly secrets inside "Dear Diary"; Sholly's teamed this time out with artist Colleen Doran, just back from that scary Sandman place over at DC Comics. Writer Ron Wolfe, a name you'll see creeping up again in these pages, takes sibling rivalry to new heights with "Glitter and Go"; Dan Spiegel, does us the art honors on "Glitter" and his talents can also be seen in the upcoming Hollywood Superstars series. And finally, no strangers to these shores James Robert Smith and Mike Hoffman team up once more to spring their "Firetrap"; it's unwholesome family fun.

Enjoy these puzzles we've brought for you, gentle reader, but take care as you work their mysteries. We want you back again, you know.

Oh, yes, indeed we do . . .

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor

FIRE TRAP

WHITCOMB WAS RACING TO THE OLD HOME PLACE. HE KNEW IT WOULD BE TOO LATE TO INTERCEPT BYRON, BUT MAYBE HE'D GET THERE BEFORE BYRON TRIED ANYTHING CRAZY.

James Robert Smith
writer
Mike Hoffman
artist/letterer

CRAZY? INSANE
WAS THE WORD.

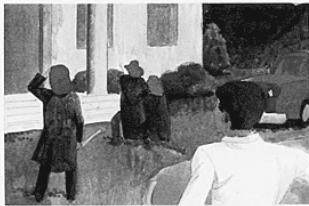
BYRON HAD STOPPED BY TO SEE HIM THE NIGHT BEFORE. WHITCOMB KNEW BECAUSE HE'D FOUND THE NOTE UNDER THE HOOD OF HIS CAR WHEN IT WOULDN'T START; THE NOTE BYRON HAD LEFT IN PLACE OF THE BATTERY, DISTRIBUTOR CAP AND GOD KNEW WHAT ELSE.

SORRY I HAD TO DO THIS, STEVE. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO BE AT THE FAMILY REUNION THIS YEAR. YOU KNOW I ALWAYS LIVED YOU AND DON'T BLAME YOU FOR THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT. AT LEAST YOU TRIED TO HELP. DON'T TRY TO COME IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

BYRON

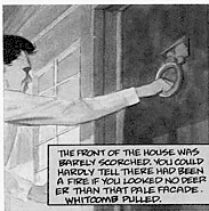
CRAZY, INDEED.

HE'D TRIED TO CALL THE "OLD HOME PLACE", AS HIS UNCLAS ALL CALLED IT, BUT THERE HAD BEEN NO ANSWER. THERE WAS NO TELLING WHAT BYRON WAS UP TO. WHEN YOU HATED SOMETHING SO INTENSELY...





IF BYRON WAS IN THERE, IF HE WAS STILL INSIDE, WHITCOMB WAS GOING TO FIND HIM AND KILL HIM!



THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE WAS BARELY SCORCHED. YOU COULD HARDLY TELL THERE HAD BEEN A FIRE IF YOU LOOKED NO DEEPER THAN THAT PALE FACADE. WHITCOMB PULLED.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HE WISHED HE HADN'T OPENED THE DOOR. A SMELL FILLED HIS NOSTRILS AND ALL HE COULD THINK WAS: ROAST PORK. IT SMELLS JUST LIKE ROAST PORK.



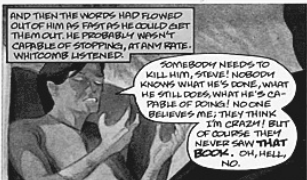
HE COULD RECOGNIZE THEM ALL. COUSIN VAL (HER BABY WAS ONLY SIX MONTHS OLD!) AUNT TIMMIE...



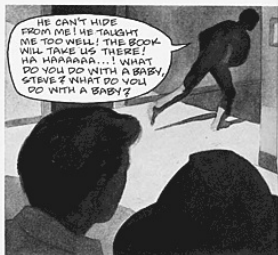
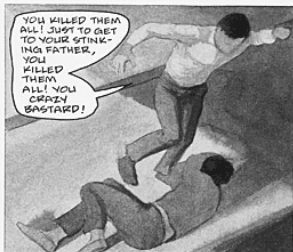
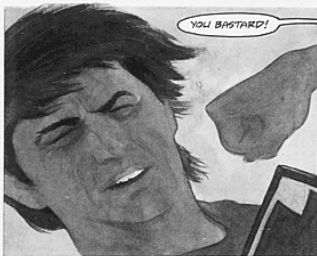
UNCLE BARNEY.



HE GROANED, SPILLING IT, LETTING IT ALL OUT.







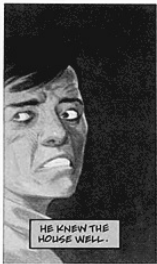


SOMEWHERE, WORDS ARE SPOKEN. BYRON KNOWS THE RIDDLEBOOK IS A PUZZLE, A PUZZLE TO BE SOLVED TO OPEN THE WAY. HE SPEAKS, PLACES THE KEY INTO THE LOCK, AND TURNS IT.









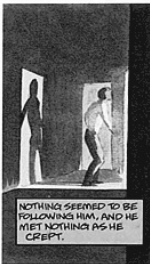
HE KNEW THE
HOUSE WELL.



HE WENT FROM ONE ROOM
TO THE NEXT, USING EN-
TRANCES HE HAD REMEM-
BERED BY HEART IN HIS
GRANDFATHER'S HUGE
PLACE.

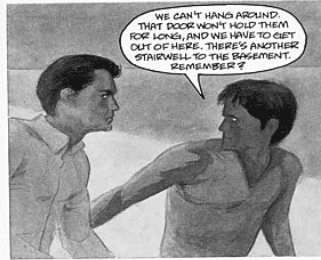
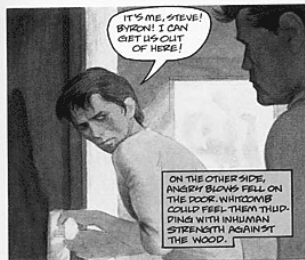


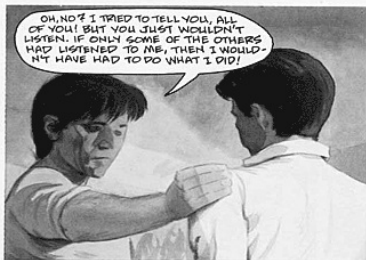
AND EACH TIME HE
LATCHED THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM WHEN
HE COULD.



NOTHING SEEMED TO BE
FOLLOWING HIM, AND HE
MET NOTHING AS HE
CREPT.



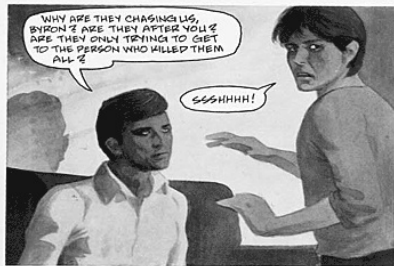




GOD, BYRON,
HOW COULD
YOU DO IT? YOU
KILLED
EVERYONE IN
THE HOUSE
JUST TO GET
TO YOUR
FATHER!

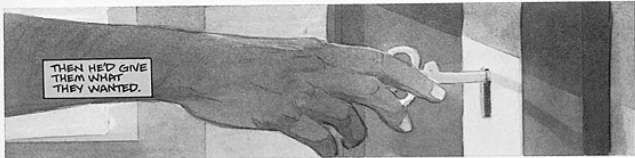
AND TO THINK I NEEDN'T
HAVE BOTHERED. I THOUGHT
I COULD INCINERATE HIM,
BUT MY FATHER'S A GUARD-
IAN, A PUZZLE GUARDIAN! I
TOLD YOU HE WASN'T
HUMAN!

ALL FOR
NOTHING.
SHIT.





ALL OF THOSE PEOPLE
DEAD. PERHAPS THEY
ONLY WANTED BYRON.
ONLY BYRON AND THEN
THEY COULD REST.

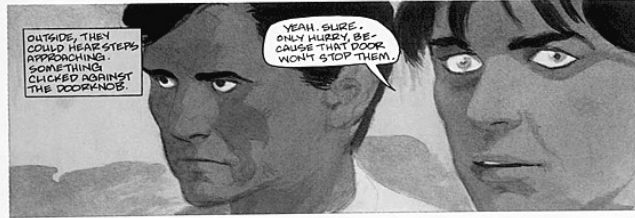


THEN HE'D GIVE
THEM WHAT
THEY WANTED.



REMEMBER THIS
LITTLE STAIRWELL, STEVE?
WE USED TO RUN UP AND
DOWN IT WHEN WE WERE
KIDS. DROVE CRAMPS
CRAZY.

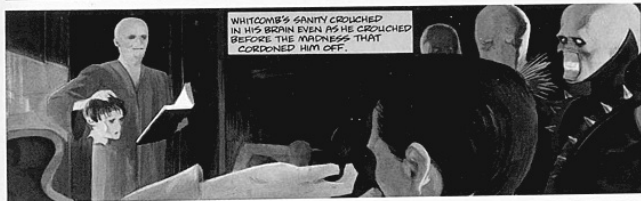
YEAH, YEAH.
JUST LET ME
GO FIRST,
OKAY?



OUTSIDE, THEY
COULD HEAR STEPS
APPROACHING.
SOMETHING
CLICKED AGAINST
THE DOORNOB.

YEAH, SURE.
ONLY HURRY, BE-
CAUSE THAT DOOR
WON'T STOP THEM.





The End





MEMO TO MYSELF. DON'T CALL THEM "LEMMINGS."



THEY'RE CALLED "LEMMINGS" IN THE NEWS REPORTS. BUT THE WORD OFFENDS DR. TAKATA.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WOULD.



I CAN'T RISK... CAN'T JEOPARDIZE MY POSITION ON THE TEAM. I'VE GOT TO BE A PART OF THIS.



ALLEN... I SWEAR IT, BROTHER. I'M GOING TO FIND YOU.



THE SAME AS YOU FOUND ME...

Ron Wolfe
writer
Dan Spigle
artist
Carrie Spigle
letterer

GLITTER AND GO

EVERY
TIME I GOT LOST
AS A KID, EVERY TIME
I NEEDED HELP, MOST
OF ALL THE NIGHT THE
HOUSE BURNED.
YOU FOUND
ME...

I COULDN'T
SEE, COULDN'T
BREATHE. I WAS
TOO SCARED TO
MOVE. BUT, ALLEN,
BIG BROTHER, YOU
CAME LOOKING
FOR ME.

...AND LOST
AN EYE FOR ME...
BLINDED AND BURNED
FOR ME... THAT'S A
HELL OF A DEBT
THAT I OWE. SO
I'VE GOT TO
REMEMBER-

THE HARTSHORNE TOWER OVERLOOKS
DOWNTOWN SEATTLE FROM A HEIGHT
OF 50 STORIES. BUT ALEX HUNTER
ISN'T HERE TO ADMIRE THE MORNING
VIEW FROM THE ROOFTOP.

ALEX REGARDS THIS SILENT GATHERING
OF PEOPLE WITH A FEAR AS COLD AS THE
STREAKS OF GRAY MIST THAT CLING TO
THE HIGHEST LEVELS OF THE OFFICE TOWER.

DON'T
CALL THEM
LEWYINGS.



DR. WILLIAM TAKATA IS EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST IN ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE AND CAMERA GEAR, SOME OF WHICH HE DEVELOPED. HE TRUSTS NONE OF THIS HIGH-TECH GADGETRY TO PERFORM TO THE LEVEL OF HIS OWN INTUITION...AND A GOOD PAIR OF BINOCULARS.



TAKE US CLOSER TO THE ROOFTOP.

NOW!...

THESE ARE SIMPLE ACTIONS, THINGS THAT NORMAL PEOPLE DO EVERY DAY. JINGLING COINS, TAKING OFF BITS OF JEWELRY...



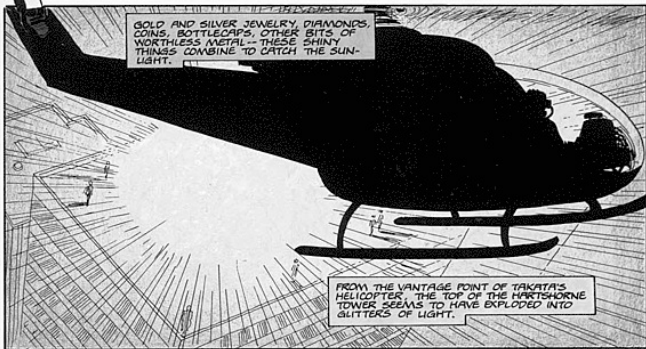
BUT TAKATA KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH, KNOWING ALL TOO WELL THE SUDDEN HORROR OF SIMPLE THINGS.



TEAM ALERT! WATCH FOR THE GLITTER!







GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, COINS, BOTTLECAPS, OTHER BITS OF WORTHLESS METAL - THESE SHINY THINGS COMBINE TO CATCH THE SUN-LIGHT.

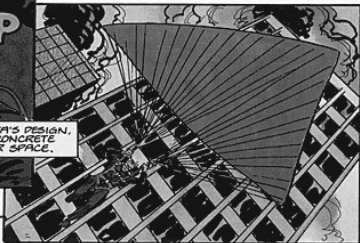
FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF TAKATA'S HELICOPTER, THE TOP OF THE HARTSHORNE TOWER SEEMS TO HAVE EXPLODED INTO GLITTERS OF LIGHT.



ALEX ESCAPES FROM THE RUSH OF THE CROWD THE ONLY WAY HE CAN-- OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOFTOP.



THE PARA-GLIDER IS TAKATA'S DESIGN, A WAY TO NAVIGATE THE CONCRETE CANNONS OF THE CITY'S AIR SPACE.



THE WOMAN WHO SPOKE TO ME!...

THE WORST TO SEE ARE THE ONES HE CAN RECOGNIZE AS INDIVIDUALS. AS VICTIMS--



ALL TOO LATE, THEY SCREAM AND GRASP AT THE AIR.



A FLASH OF GLITTER-LIGHT.
THE WOMAN IS GONE FROM
ALEX'S SIGHT.



IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!



FWOOSH!



GET HOLD
OF REALITY,
HUNTER. PAY
ATTENTION TO
THE WIND CURRENTS.
YOU'RE LOSING
CONTROL...



UNGFFF



CRACK



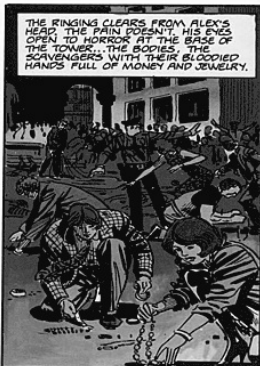
'GLIDER'S
TANGLED... CAN'T
TELL IF IT'S GOING
TO HOLD...



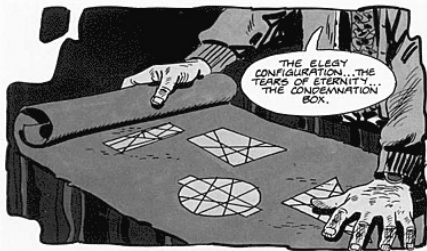
HE FORCES HIMSELF TO LOOK CLOSELY, TO SEARCH AMONG THE LIVING AND THE DEAD FOR THE WOMAN WHO SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED IN MID-AIR.



SHE IS NOT AMONG THEM.







THE ELEGY
CONFIGURATION...THE
TEARS OF ETERNITY...
THE CONDEMNATION
BOX.



ALL THESE SEARCHES,
I'VE BEEN SEARCHING
FOR THE LAMENT BOX.
BUT NOW, I'VE LEARNED
THERE MAY BE THOUSANDS
OF BOXES, THOUSANDS
OF KEYS--



ALL I
NEED IS TO
FIND ONE!

I COULD
HELP--



IF I NEED YOU,
LITTLE BROTHER...
I'LL CALL.

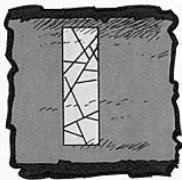
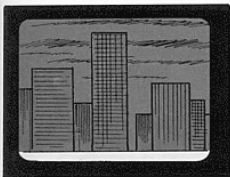


"HE KNEW THE WEIGHT
OF GUILT THAT I CARRIED
EVER SINCE THE FIRE...
HOW MUCH I WANTED TO
PAY BACK THAT DEBT.
BUT EVEN THE LOCK ON
HIS SAFE SEEMED
INTENDED TO MAKE
ME FEEL INADEQUATE.

"I NEVER COULD REMEMBER
THE NUMBERS TO OPEN A
COMBINATION LOCK."







IN THE LOBBY OF THE HARTSHORNE TOWER--



DON'T YOU
KNOW, ALEX? CAN'T
YOU HEAR THE
CALL?



I KNOW
THE WAY...



GEENA,
NO!:-

IT'S NOT
A CALL, IT'S
A THING, GEENA.
BELIEVE ME!:-



I KNOW...
BUT HOW DO
I KNOW?

STAIRS

GEENA!...



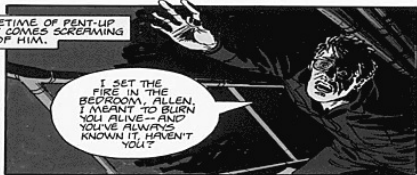


ALEX ALEX ALEX



ALLEN!

A LIFETIME OF PENT-UP
GUILT COMES SCREAMING
OUT OF HIM.



I SET THE
FIRE IN THE
BEDROOM, ALLEN.
I MEANT TO BURN
YOU ALIVE--AND
YOU'VE ALWAYS
KNOWN IT. HAVEN'T
YOU?



I WAS
ONLY A KID,
ALLEN--A 10-YEAR-
OLD KID, JEALOUS
OF YOU.

BUT I'M THE
ONE TO BLAME. I'M
THE ONE TO BE
PUNISHED FOR IT,
ALLEN--NOT
GEENA.



"NOT THE OTHERS, SO MANY
OTHERS, ALLEN! DID THEY
DIE FOR ANY REASON,
EXCEPT TO BRING ME HERE?"



"IS IT YOU THAT I FEEL
IN MY HEAD?"



STAIRS TO
SEVEN. ELEVATOR
TO TWENTY-ONE.
STAIRS TO THIRTY-
THREE...

GEENA!
WAIT!





GEENA STRUGGLES TO KEEP ALEX FROM PULLING THE RIP CORD ON HER PARA-GLIDER--THE CORD THAT MIGHT SAVE HER LIFE.

THROUGH THE LIGHT THAT EXPLODES AROUND HIM, ALEX CAN SEE THAT GEENA'S PARA-GLIDER HAS SNAPPED OPEN. SHE IS FALLING TO SAFETY.

BUT HE IS NOT--



TELL TAKATA!--

TELL HIM HOW THE PUZZLE WORKS!



SWPP-P



I CLIMBED TO THE TOP BY THE RIGHT COMBINATION.

WHEN I JUMPED...I FELL THROUGH A SCHISM...



--TO THE DIFFERENT DIMENSION THAT ALLEN DISCOVERED AHEAD OF ME.



ALLEN! I CAN FEEL YOU, ALLEN... INSIDE MY HEAD--WORKING OUT THE PROBLEM FOR ME. TELLING ME THE ANSWERS.



"JUST LIKE OLD TIMES. ISN'T IT, ALLEN?-- YOU NEVER COULD STAND TO WAIT FOR ME TO FIGURE THINGS OUT FOR MYSELF."



"AND YOU'VE WAITED SUCH A LONG TIME FOR THIS VENGEANCE..."



WAAAAH



HELLO, LITTLE BROTHER.
YOU FOUND ME.

The End

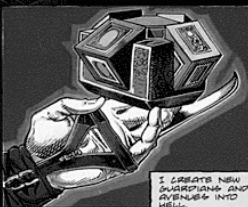


MAZE of the MIND

Mark Nelson writer/artist
Willie Schubert letterer



LEVIATHAN LOVES ME
NOT FOR MY FLESH,
BUT MY MIND.



I CREATE NEW
GUARDIANS AND
ADVERSARIES INTO
HELL.

MY OWN PRIVATE HELL WAS
NOT FLESH, IT WAS THOUGHT.

I HAD A MIND
THAT WAS
CONSTANTLY
SEARCHING
FOR A PURE
FORMULA OR
EQUATION.

THE BOX BECAME MY MATHEMATICAL SATURDAY.

FLESH IS NOT
IMPORTANT.

...AND GET
CLOSER
TO THE
PURE
EQUATION.

IT WOULD GIVE ME THE
MEANS TO MEET THIS
FLESHY FORM.

IT'S SOMETHING YOU TEST
THE ELASTICITY OF

I'VE BEEN PROVIDED WITH
EVERYTHING I NEED.



MY OWN PRIVATE
WORKSHOP IN HELL.

WHEN LEVIATHAN CALLS, IT'S
MY JOB TO CREATE NEW
GUARDIANS AND GATEWAYS.

ORNO, I NEED
SOMETHING NEW
SOMETHING DIFFERENT
TO REPLACE THESE
FOOLS I GROW
TIRED OF.



LET THE WORK BEGIN!



THIS ONE HAS FALLEN FROM GRACE.
IT SEEMS HE NO LONGER HAS ANY
DESIRE TO BRING HIS FLESHY
EXTERIOR TO A FOCAL POINT.

IT'S NOT THEIR
EXTERIOR THAT'S
IMPORTANT.

IT'S WHAT'S
INSIDE.

LET'S HOPE THERE'S SOMETHING
THESE TO START WITH.



THE SECOND STEP IS TO
EXPOSE THE MIND: THE
OPENING OF A NEW MAZE



THE MAZE OF THE MIND



IT MUST BE READ



I FEEL HIS MORTALITY.



ALL HIS QUIRKS,
EXPECTATIONS
AND SO-CALLED
CARNAL DESIRES.

NOT A COMPLEX
MIND, BUT
ENOUGH TO
START WITH.



AFTER THIS
PRELIMINARY
READING THE
NEXT STEP
IS MOST
IMPORTANT.



A TASTE



A SIMPLE
TASTE OF
THIS MAZE



NOW ONTO THE
GATEWAY.

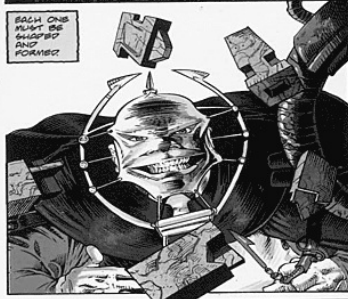


EACH BLANK BOX IS A SMALL PART
OF THE WHOLE GATEWAY.





EACH ONE
MUST BE
SHAPED
AND
FORMED.



THE PIECES ARE LIT.



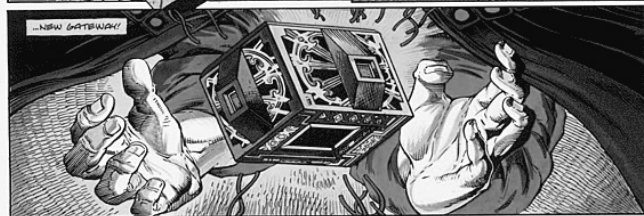
EACH PART
REFLECTS SOME
STRENGTH OR
WEAKNESS.



THEY GROW TOGETHER TO
BRING LIFE TO A...



...NEW GATEWAY!





OUR FRIEND'S USEFULNESS
IS NOT OVER.



JUST A FEW
MINOR REPAIRS.



A SHORT JOURNEY TO THE
SURFACE OF HELL.

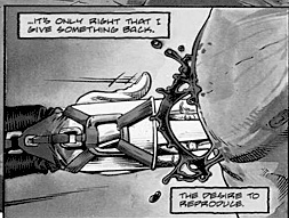


A FAREWELL
SPEECH...

...AND PERHAPS
A GIFT.



SINCE I'VE TAKEN
ALMOST EVERYTHING
FOR THE GATEWAY.



...IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT I
GIVE SOMETHING BACK.

THE DESIRE TO
REPRODUCE.

THIS DESIRE WILL GIVE US THE
GUARDIAN WE NEED SOMEONE
WHO WILL LOVE AND PROTECT
THE BOX.

BUT WE CAN'T
HAVE YOUR
SEEDS PASSED
ON.

YOU'RE TOO WEAK. MY
SEED IS STRONG.

SO, MY GIFT IS DESIRE
AND YOU SHALL CARRY
MY SEED BACK WITH YOU.

BACK TO BARTH.

SAVY, HANDSOME.
WANT TO SHOW A GIRL
A GOOD TIME?



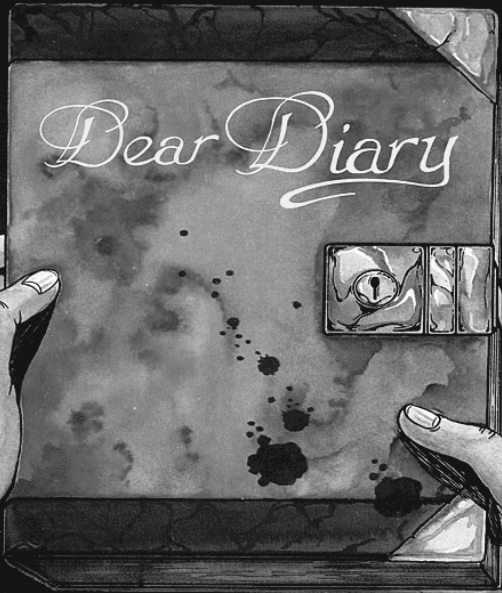




*OHAY. I THINK
I'VE GOT IT
FIGURED OUT
NOW.*

*I'M GOING
TO READ THIS
THING ONE
MORE TIME.*

*AND THEN
I'M GOING TO
BURN IT.*



Dear Diary

Sholly Fisch
writer
Colleen Doran
artist
Jade Moede
letterer

Dear Diary,

You'll never guess what happened today: Bill Trecco asked me out! Bill Trecco!!! I was at the mall with Jackie and he came right out and asked me in front of Jackie and everyone. I could've just died.



not even like we're going with a bunch of people or anything. It's just him and me!

Dear Diary,

Mark this on the calendar:
Today is the greatest day of my life! I went
to the carnival with Bill, and felt magic
was in the air.



"our secret gift!" God, that's so romantic
I could die!!! I'm going to hide the box

secret place behind the drawer,
so the only people who know about it
are Bill and me... and you, Gary.

I wonder what Bill is thinking
about me right now. I really like him.

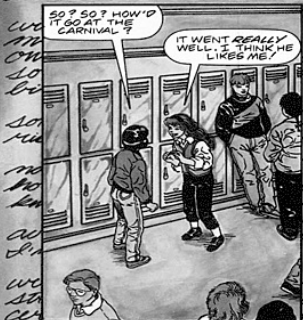


my closest friend Jackie.



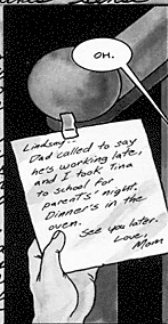
as if some nuns over at Maria's
never show it to anyone, even if Bill
and I live to be 100.

Dear Diary,
I can't understand it.
I was in the hallway at school today
when Bill walked by and he
didn't even notice me.



wouldn't even talk to me later in math class! What happened? What did

I do wrong? It's like it's all my fault
but none of it makes sense or



so crazy and weird. Everything was so beautiful
yesterday -- how come things change so fast. I mean, I
thought we had something, but now, all I've left is
that cube he gave me. That stupid cube.

Dear Diary

Funny--that purple box is harder to figure out than it looks. I was up all night last night trying to



It was hard to work at first, but it feels like it's getting easier and I guess I'll get it soon. It can't be that hard.

Dear Diary,

I'm not getting anywhere with this cube. I'm going to start keeping a tally of what I've tried so far. Maybe it

LINDSAY, DINNER!

NO THANKS MOM! I'M NOT HUNGRY!

ARE YOU SURE? YOU DIDN'T EAT ANYTHING LAST NIGHT EITHER! YOU SHOULD EAT SOMETHING!

I SAID I DON'T WANT IT AWAY!

23) turn far left corner, press center, rotate right side a half twist, rotate right side back. 24) Press top, turn middle twice, give left a $3\frac{1}{4}$ turn

Dear Diary,
25) Turn left right corner, press top, turn left inward $\frac{1}{4}$ turn, turn top left corner



43) Press bottom, turn left side $\frac{1}{4}$ turn, rotate top counterclockwise $\frac{3}{4}$ around, turn bottom right corner.

Dear Diary,

I hate my parents! They practically forced me to go to school today -- and just when I'm so close to

SO ONCE AGAIN, WE HAVE A POEM WHICH REVOLVES AROUND THE IMAGE OF A ROSE.

CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT THIS PARTICULAR ROSE REPRESENTS (ANY VOLUNTEERS?)

Tracy
Lindsay

HOW ABOUT YOU, LINDSAY?

WHAT FOR, LINDSAY? I DIDN'T HEAR THE QUESTION TOO WELL. COULD YOU REPEAT IT?

DIDN'T HEAR IT, EH? WELL, THEN, I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL. I'LL TRY TO SPEAK LOUDER IF YOU TRY GIVING ATTENTION WHILE YOU'RE IN THIS ROOM.

NOW, THEN CAN ANYONE ELSE EXPLAIN THE POEM'S "ROSE" SYMBOLISM?

thoughts of success to
I need
something about it has... then
are only about twenty
thirty possible combinations
left now.

I hate my Teacher!!!

I can feel it -- tonight's the night I'm going to solve this thing.

STUPID BITCH.

I can feel it -- tonight's the night I'm going to solve this thing.

YEAH, THAT
MUST BE IT.

IT HAD TO BE
THE DIARY.



I SHOULD'VE TAKEN IT
TO SCHOOL WITH ME...
BUT HOW COULD I KNOW
YOU'D READ IT?

I--I MEAN, I BARELY GOT HOME IN TIME TO SEE--



FORN YOU, TINA. WHY'D
YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A
NOISY, PRYING, OBNOXIOUS
BRAT?



WNY,
KIPP?



AFTERWORD

It was night, and the subject was fear.

The five of us were sitting around after a long day of speaking with men with torn faces and women with blood-soaked t-shirts, telling what polite company would call anecdotes. But the polite term didn't fool us. We were telling ghost stories.

They were little stories—you know the type—like the “mad escaped murderer caught in the lady’s back seat at the gas station” and the “thousand tiny spiders exploding out of the Mexican cactus she just bought.” And of course, having heard that these stories happened to your neighbor’s friend’s barber’s sister, you know they just have to be true, right? At least it seems so until you peel back the layers of hearsay-hesay-she-say, and point out the carefully disguised moral.

So we sat around telling these ghost st— . . . horror st— . . . **urban myths**, trying to sterilize and desensitize ourselves to the pickling little horrifying details that kept jumping up the fronts of our shirts, shortening our breath, and pounding at our hearts. And we laughed, because we had to. We were scared.

The fact that we’d been at a horror convention all day didn’t help. The explicit make-up and life-like masks eyeing us malevolently all day were enough to freak anyone. What made it all worth while was your incredible response to what we’re doing in the pages of **Hellraiser**—and your excitement at the announcement of our upcoming bimonthly status. (More on that next issue). It’s always your response that keeps us going—which is why I encourage you all to take a moment and send us yours. Write to **Hellraiser**, care of the address printed in the indicia on the inside back cover. I read every letter, and you may even get a response one time or another in one way or another.

So anyway, the subject was fear. And after we had talked it to death, and saw it all as just so funny about human nature and mankind’s need to create these horrific stories from his group subconscious as a way of making bla bla bla— . . . After all of that, we all made our way to darkened rooms, and easily found sleep.

Yeah, sure.

After all, there’s something . . . comforting in knowing that the most horrible story you ever heard may have been only that, a story, and there’s nothing *really* to be afraid of.

Yeah, sure.

Subject closed.

Yeah, . . . sure.

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Cenobites weave unholy patterns
with ropey strands of brain tissue.
A tortured soul binds the pages of
a young girl's diary. The smallest
flicker of Hell's fire is all it takes
to char a family's flesh.
Sacrificing a brother's eye leads to
a dark cult of suicide. They're all
tasty parts of one of Clive
Barker's diabolic playthings, a
puzzle still in need of a few more
pieces . . .

. . . why not see if you fit in?

